

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1901.

QUEER CUSTOMS

Of Queer People in the Island of Porto Rico.

Hon. E. S. Wilson has written the following very interesting communication to the Ironton Register from San Juan, Porto Rico:

I have just returned from a trip to Abonito, a city that occupies the highest altitude of any on the island. It is 52 miles from San Juan, and we go the entire distance on the military road, a thoroughfare as fine as the old national road through Ohio used to be when it was in its prime. The Military Road begins at San Juan on the north coast and ends at Ponce on the south. It is 81 miles long, while the distance straight across is perhaps not half that. It winds about the mountains in gentle slopes, so that some times one goes a mile to make only a few hundred rods of progress. But one has no reason to regret the serpentine route, for every rod discloses a scene of surpassing beauty. The deep valleys and the great mountains that hover around, green with waving palms and plantain and dim in the purple distances, keep one's emotions leaping into exclamations of admiration and awe.

The road is well built and kept so. The culverts and bridges are of solid masonry, and around the short curves and along the dizzy steep, strong stone walls, ornately finished, are constructed. Every mile or so is an attractive structure of brick or stone with a sign marked "Camioneros," which is a place where the foreman of the workers on that section has his headquarters. The road was built by the Spanish government and cost \$8,000,000, and it requires a large sum annually to keep it up. Laborers are engaged on repairs continuously, and they not only mend the fractured places, but also keep the road beautiful by planting trees at the side. I saw many peons trimming the grass with machetes. Much of the road is beautifully arched with palms and formosias.

The verdure along the route is so massed and variegated that it is indescribable. Providence deals with a lavish hand everywhere on this island. I saw the Abutus, Heliotrope, Clematis, Primrose, Wild Rose, Sweet Peas, Cosmos, Bell Flowers or Campanas, Eucalyptus, or the Cleo atra Flower, Castor oil plant, Bamboo, Banana, Orange, and many varieties of palms and ferns. In fact, it is one crush of flowers and foliage along the roadside from beginning to end. Everywhere the earth is teeming with green and sprinkled with tints of all shades. Everything grew in a very bedlam of confusion and recklessness, except things to eat, and these, God in His wisdom has ordained that man should labor to produce, which man does not do down here, as one may judge from the prevalence of sullen, emaciated faces, that one sees in a ride across the island. It made my heart ache to see the misery of man amid such profusion of nature. One hardly ever misses a human face on the military road, but it is nearly always a pined, bloodless face that looks up at you with sunken eyes from an empty stomach. You cannot mistake the sign. A weak, ill cooked, insufficient diet does not make men and women. The highest duty of statesmanship is to see that people are well fed. Ah, if this tangled luxuriance of flower and fronds could be changed into cattle and corn and potatoes! Will the Americanization of the island do it? Will that great event give them something besides yams and plantain, and teach them to mix with it the pure oxygen of God's sweet skies?

It was the day of the Winter Solstice that we traveled over the road—four in a carriage with four relays, in the 52 miles to keep our horses on the jump throughout the journey. We started at 11 a. m. and arrived at Abonito at about 7 p. m. Had long delays twice in changing horses. Passed through Rio Piedras, Caguas and Cayey; all languid places, filled with people, doing nothing particularly, except roasting in the sun and jabbering about Murioz Rivera's trial. One busy place I saw at Caguas was in a cigar factory. In a big room were about a hundred young men making cigars. Attracted by a voice, as if some one were reading, I entered the room, and saw a young man mounted on a high chair, in the center, reading aloud from a newspaper. He thus entertained the cigar workers, who listened closely and seemed to work more steadily for being entertained. It was a good idea, and no doubt repaid the employers for the expense of a reader.

It was after night when we reached Abonito. The ride along that winding road through the darkness, past the spectral trees on each side and the long arms of the banana, that reached nearly to the carriage, added great interest to the journey. Myriads of fireflies sprinkled the night with sparks and a chill wind from a gathering storm cloud across on the mountain



Beautiful Complexions

Come from pure, untainted blood. No complexion can be muddy, mottled or sallow if the blood is pure; no complexion can be clear of blemishes if the blood is not pure. More than this: Disease cannot exist in a body supplied with pure blood. This is the secret of the success of Celery King. It makes pure blood.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

peak filled the palms with a melancholy tone. It was quite a relief, when we saw at last the lights of Abonito. We drove up to the hotel, a one-story structure with a porch in front, and were welcomed by the landlord with a gush of Spanish. They were just through dinner, but he invited us out to the remnants of the feast, which was reinforced by some fried eggs, the best part of the dinner, by the way, for the chicken and beef a la mode were so tintured with garlic, that the American palate was pleased to avoid them. Some chick peas and preserved citron made up the remainder of the dinner.

From the porch at ten o'clock that night, I saw a policeman step to the corner and blow a shrill whistle three times. The landlord told me that was the signal for all people to retire from the streets and seek the seclusion of their own homes. In a few minutes after, I looked up and down the streets and not a person could I see anywhere. From that on Abonito was as silent as a tomb, except that across the way, a party was engaged in some very pleasant singing, but that too ceased in a half hour, and from then till daylight, all Abonito was asleep.

Abonito derived, so I am told, from "Ah Bonito," or "Oh, the Beauty," ascribed to some pilgrim who saw it for the first time from some turn in the road, is a disheveled and tattered village, and not a city. It may be beautiful from a distance, but upon closer inspection, the deceit is discerned. It has no sidewalks, no water, no anything for the people, but that is not likewise for the pigs and goats. But what is worst of all is the number of hungry looking people that are there, especially among the children. There is no mistaking the look of hunger. It appeals to one wherever you go. Work is scarce and pay low. The hurricane of last year has not yet raised from the people the hand of affliction. Unsatisfied mortgages have put a stop to loans and the laborer finds slack need for his hands. Coffee and tobacco have not made half a crop this year.

The little tavern where I stopped, with its lace bed curtains, dishes of green tomatoes and balcon, and no ice water, and no conveniences worth speaking about, was first class in one respect, and that was in its charges. They charged \$3.05 for one day, which my companion said was estimated to be sufficient to keep up the hotel till the next guest came along.

My business carried me six miles beyond Abonito, through the great pass, but I dare not venture now to tell about it. That night I was back to Cayey, where I stayed all night, and saw things I might write about, but my space is gone. I may resume next week.

Indian Mound.

Charleston, S. C.—There is an old Indian mound in the sand hill section of Crooked Creek, fifteen miles north of Bennettsville, where skeletons and Indian relics were unearthed a few days ago. The mound was near the old wolf pit, where scores of wolves were baited and captured by the hunters before the beasts were driven out of the forests, and the country round about its barren and little frequented.

A party of men under command of Captain Samuel Kirkpatrick decided to investigate the mound in the search for hidden treasure. The first day's work failed to bring any results, but the digging was resumed the second day. Skeletons, bones, arrows and pottery were unearthed, and deep down under the other discoveries was the skeleton of a human being which measured nine feet in length. This is the report from Bennettsville, although it is believed that the human skeleton was badly measured. Some of the pottery specimens are supposed to be valuable as additions to the antiquarian collections of some museums and universities.

Take Rocky Mountain Tea. See it exterminate poison. Feel it revitalize your blood and nerves and bring back that happy, joyous feeling of boyhood days. 35c. Ask your druggist.

An Enjoyable Time.

An enjoyable party was held at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Cone at Gravel Bank Wednesday night. About forty people were present and spent the evening in dancing and social intercourse. Refreshments were served during the evening.

LITTLE HOCKING.

Mrs. Ruth Bellows has been quite sick, but is now better.

W. W. Davidson had the misfortune to fall through between the ties on the end of the railroad bridge and received a few slight bruises Tuesday.

Walter Walker is home from a cruise to Memphis on the Samuel Clark.

One of the bridge men received a severe blow on the head from a hammer while riveting Wednesday.

George Croll was in Parkersburg on business Wednesday.

The Little Hocking Jr. O. U. A. M. had a game supper in Curtis hall Tuesday evening.

Rev. J. P. Childs began a series of meetings at the Baptist church Thursday evening.

Rev. Carrie Brainard, formerly pastor of the Universalist church here, now of Caledonia, O., has been visiting friends here for several days past. Last Sunday she filled the pulpit at the Universalist church here.

A. S. Bellows was in Marietta before the Board of Examiners Monday.

Rev. N. C. Patterson filled the pulpit at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

Mr. Wigal, who has the Little Hocking Mill leased, recently received an order for 100 barrels of flour. He had previously sold the party, who is in Parkersburg, a small order and it gave such good satisfaction that he immediately placed the above order for more.

Mrs. Ann Hill recently returned from a visit of several days duration at Waverly, O.

Miss Helen Hughes, of Parkersburg has been the guest of her grandmother for several days past.

There is now strong talk of organizing a local company for the purpose of building and operating a telephone line between Coolville, O., and Belpre, passing through Torch, Little Hocking and Rockland. The West Virginia Western Co. have expressed a willingness to give the local company the use of its exchange, thus giving us direct intercourse with Parkersburg and Marietta. A telephone would be of inestimable value to everyone in reach of it and those interested should get together and make arrangements to build it, thus letting us "out of the woods," so to speak.

The Little Hocking schools opened up again Monday morning after a two weeks vacation. The scholars gathered at the school house early and exchanged greeting and swapped experiences that they had during the holidays. All seemed glad to get together again.

J. H. Smith and Miss Ode Flower, the teachers, have been quite successful in their management of the school thus far and have gained the universal respect of both scholars and parents.

Frank McGirr has received a couple of car loads of nice poplar lumber recently and has been filling up his yards.

Work has been progressing rapidly on the new span of the railroad bridge here.

Miss Laura Allen, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Emily Allen, for several days has returned to Columbus.

Hilarity Rudely Prevented.

Denison, Tex.—"Captain Jack Ellis and myself, of the Indian police, spilled over 300 gallons of whiskey in towns along the Santa Fe Railroad during Christmas week," said Indian Police-man Hamp Willis. "We spoiled many a holiday egg nog, and broke all records in the capture of whiskey."

"The Interior Department is keeping the Indian police rather busy ejecting non-citizens who fall or refuse to pay permit taxes, is it not?" the News reporter asked Mr. Willis.

"We have not been ejecting any citizens for several days. We have about thirty reported to us for ejection, and will remove them from the Territory in a few days."

"Do you ever meet with any resistance in removing non-citizens?"

"No, we have no resistance. There is no necessity for using force in any instance. We simply serve the papers, take the persons falling or refusing to pay their taxes, escort them to the Texas line or to Oklahoma, as the case may be, and that is the last of it. If the person elected returns to the Territory immediately, that is a matter for the United States Courts to act upon."

Roosters often crow over eggs they did not lay. Same with people who sell an imitation Rocky Mountain Tea, made famous by the Madison Medicine Co.'s advertising. 35c. Ask your druggist.

Marietta People

Are Requested to Honestly Answer This.

Is not the word of a representative citizen of Marietta more convincing than the doubtful utterances of people living everywhere else in the Union? Read this:

Mr. W. E. Snowden, master mechanic at the Marietta Transfer Co., says: "An accident at our place in February, 1899, laid me up for two months. I was seriously injured and severe kidney trouble ensued. Mrs. Snowden learned about Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box for me at W. H. Styer's drug store, 240 Front street. I commenced their use and the result proved that Doan's Kidney Pills are a remarkably effective remedy. Two boxes completely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

NEWPORT.

One of the principal events of the week "after the days" was the masquerade party given by a number of our ladies at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gano to the town people between the hours of eight and eleven on Friday evening, January fourth.

The guests were received by Miss Bernice Gano and the Misses Willet and Mary Greenwood in a most gracious manner and made to feel entirely at home although they did not recognize each other until the "veils were lifted."

At nine o'clock partners were chosen for the cake walk. Mr. Alvater and Mrs. Chrumman deserved the cake.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake and nuts were served by Miss Nora Greenwood and Nellie Laurer.

The little Misses Bernice, Willet and Mary presided at the punch bowls.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Gano is especially suited to events of this kind and excellently did it and its hospitable host and hostess perform their duties and all the guests pronounced the masquerade party one of the happiest events in their lives.

Mrs. Schafer and Mrs. Beebout, of Iowa, left for Marietta Monday, after visiting Mrs. N. Snyder for several days.

Mr. Wise moved his family to Salem, W. Va., Wednesday.

Mr. Lee Bayless died Wednesday afternoon from the effects of stepping on a rusty nail which caused blood poisoning. His family have the sympathy of the whole community.

Mr. Ben Andrews moved his family back to his town residence recently.

Our schools are now in running order.

BARTLETT.

S. K. Steele was a business visitor in Marietta Tuesday and Wednesday.

James Foster, of Fleming, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Malcolm, this week.

W. C. Holson took charge of the Postoffice Monday and seems to take naturally to his new position.

Arthur McKain has diphtheria, this being the second case in the family.

Mr. Glen Dixon, who has been in Kaniawha, Iowa, for the past few years, came home Wednesday to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Alexander, of Cutler, visited Joe Newbanks and family over Sunday.

Bride and Fortune.

William S. Gill, who is playing in the "Village Postmaster" at the Fourteenth Street Theater, received a letter yesterday from his father, James Gill, a veterinary surgeon of Boston. The letter announced that his uncle, Major John Reynolds, of the British army, had died in Liverpool from injuries received in the Boer War. The letter then continued:

"His solicitors have notified me that you are well provided for, on condition that you carry out a certain stipulation of the will. The condition is this: You must go to England and marry his adopted daughter. If you will comply with your uncle's wishes, his solicitors write me, he has set aside for you £5,000."

Young Gill said last night that while travelling in Ireland with his father last summer he met his uncle and the latter took a great liking to him. He hasn't made up his mind whether he will marry or not. The fortune is an object, but Mr. Gill hesitates at making a life union upon a basis purely pecuniary.—N. Y. Sun.

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MASON & HAMLIN, BUSH & GERTS, POPULAR PEASE, STORY AND CLARK, BOOTHE BROS.

WILSON & YOUNG,

St. Clair Building, Marietta, O.

Pianos —AND— Organs, Finest Grade and Quality.

Our line is the largest in the city and cannot be matched for quality of tone and durability. Call and see us and get our Prices and Terms.

AUDITORIUM

M. J. SEIPEL, Manager,

TO-NIGHT

Van Dyke & Eaton Co.

—IN— "Two Nights In Rome." Specialties Between Acts.

PRICES 10c, 20c and 30c

reserved seats now on sale at BEAGLE & LITTLE'S Drug Store.

A Gentleman.

She was never at a loss in the interests of the family for whom she had toiled, in innumerable capacities, for years. Over the soapbuds, of a Monday morning, in the back kitchen, she heard and retailed the news. Hers was generally of funerals and weddings; theirs of the minor and major movements of home sisters, and brothers gone abroad. One of these last was expected back from the East after an absence of four years. Elbow deep in froth, she contrasted his qualities with those of his elder brother in Africa, whom she (secretly) regarded more. "Yes, now," she said, referring to her acknowledged favorite, "he was a gentleman, Mister John was. When 'e wanted 'is boots cleaned 'e'd come to the top of the stairs and call down, soft-like: 'Mrs. L., will you be so kind as to clean my boots?' Not but what Mister 'Arry's a gentleman, too, but in a different style. When Mister 'Arry wanted 'is boots done, 'e'd just drop 'em over the banisters and 'oller: 'Lads! I want my boots cleaned!'"

Value of Gutta Percha.

Gutta percha is often confounded with India rubber, but it is utterly different. It comes from a family of trees that grow only in a small area about the Malay peninsula and have not yet been successfully raised elsewhere. The sap is not to be gotten by tapping, as with maple syrup, but the tree must be cut down and the juice pressed out by beating with heavy mallets. The gum hunters get some two or three pounds from the average tree that is from 30 to 40 feet high and about 30 years old, and, as no young trees are planted to replace those felled, the source of the supply will be a serious question in the near future. The crude gum comes to the market in lumps that are sometimes worked into grotesque shapes, and must be purified from sawdust and stones and other foreign matters with which the wily Chinese dealers adulterate it. The lumps are put into "deviling" machines that tear them to bits and throw the shreds into troughs of water that free the gum from impurities and leave it almost pure.

AVOID all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses and heals the membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and cures Catarrh easily and pleasantly. Cold in the head vanishes quickly. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

Auditorium - Theatre.

L. M. LUCHS, Mgr,

Robert B. Mantell,

In His New Play A FREE LANCE...

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18TH.

NOTHING DOING TILL THEN.

Phones, Bell 223, Marietta 189.

MUSICAL - MOMENTS.



Are the happiest ones of life. Sweet music from a well-toned instrument is within the means of any player if this store is visited.

Schneider & Alden, 252 FRONT STREET.

Chas. L. Pettis & Co. CASH

Produce - Buyers,

Dressed Poultry, Game, Furs, Eggs and Butter,

204 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

Write for Our Present Paying Prices Oct. 17, 1900-1901.

Wm. W. MILLS, President, J. S. GOEBEL, Cashier, THOS. W. MOORE, Vice President, G. C. BEST, Assistant Cashier.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY, The First National Bank, MARIETTA, OHIO.

CAPITAL \$450,000. SURPLUS, \$150,000. AVERAGE DEPOSITS \$1,200,000.

DIRECTORS: John Mills, S. B. Kirby, Charles Penrose, Thos. W. Moore, Wm. W. Mills.

Capt. L. J. Cutter,

Formerly proprietor of the St. James Hotel, has taken charge of the

Manhattan Restaurant

And will serve the public first-class meals and lunches, day and night. The best 25 cent meals in the city. Special rates by the week.

218 PUTNAM STREET.